

HOLINESS TO THE LORD

# YUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH

EDITOR.

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PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH,  
Born November 13, 1838.



# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

ORGAN OF THE DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION

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No. 22

## A PRESENT-DAY MAN OF GOD.

### THE FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS.



HERE is nothing in the character and disposition of the President that appeals to me more strongly than his love for little children, and his quick sense of sympathy with the weak and unfortunate. It seems to fill him with indignation—and who can say it is not a righteous anger?—to see any person imposed upon, particularly if poor and helpless, and his instinctive tenderness towards the children makes him their natural champion.

I saw him enter a public meeting one Sunday evening, and take a seat upon the stand, from which he surveyed the gathering congregation? A woman came in, and finding the seat she wanted already occupied, she lifted the occupant—a small boy—out of the coveted place, and settled herself therein. The act passed unnoticed save by a few, but President Smith was one of that few. He said nothing at the time, not wishing to be personal or to create an unpleasant scene, but his memory recorded the incident, and evidently he thought and felt deeply concerning it.

Visiting the same place several weeks later, he delivered a discourse, in which he administered a severe rebuke to that class of persons whose selfishness prompts them to disregard the rights of others,

even the rights of little children. He did not neglect the other side of the question—the duty of children to parents and seniors, especially the aged and infirm; but he made it clear that there were times when children had prior claims, which it would be wrong to ignore, and that they should be respected in their rights, not only as a matter of justice, but of good and wise policy as well. To rudely thrust a child from a seat to which it was entitled, was not the way to encourage it to attend meetings, nor was such an act likely to instil into its mind the principle of justice, or a due regard for the feelings and rights of others.

I shall never forget that discourse. In addition to the moral lesson conveyed, it was an impressive reminder of the Savior's sweet and solemn injunction, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Another instance of the President's kind thoughtfulness—his consideration for a fellow creature in distress. A poor woman on a railroad train, the conductor of which was noted for his short temper and his rigid adherence to technical rules, had lost her ticket, or through some misunderstanding had been sold a ticket that did not read right, and the official in charge of the train spoke roughly to her and threatened to put her off. Noticing her agitation, President Smith, who sat near,

went to her, calmed her fears, and assured her that nothing of the kind would take place while he was present. The conductor resented this intervention, but was silenced by the remark that if he insisted upon it, the fare should be paid, and his harsh and insulting conduct to a lady passenger reported to his superiors.

Apropos of my theme, the following sentiments are attributed to the Prophet Joseph



PRES. JOSEPH F. SMITH.  
(Taken in 1862 in England).

Smith. In a statement respecting the Constitution of the United States, he is reported as saying: "In my feelings I am always ready to die in the protection of the weak and the oppressed in their just rights." "It is one of the first principles of my life, and one that I have cultivated from childhood, having been taught it by my father, to allow everyone the liberty of conscience." "The only fault I find in the Constitution is, it is not broad enough to cover the whole ground. Al-

though it provides that all men shall enjoy religious freedom, yet it does not provide the manner in which that freedom can be preserved, nor for the punishment of government officers who refuse to protect the people in their religious rights." "It has but this one fault."

Thus we see, President Joseph F. Smith's natural sympathy with the oppressed is in full harmony with the principles of his uncle the Prophet. His father, Hyrum Smith, the Prophet's brother, doubtless received similar instructions from their good and noble sire, and transmitted the same principles to his posterity.

*Orson F. Whitney.*

¶

#### A CHAMPION OF TRUTH.

THE children of the Latter-day Saints, in the home, and in the Sabbath School and other organizations, are taught to tell the truth always. Boys and girls who learn to tell the truth become men and women of strong character. Truth is the force or motive that impels them to speak and to act honestly and frankly.

Sometimes surroundings, or environments, influence children to hide the truth, which is wrong, and usually ends in shame and sorrow. At last the truth is always made known, and then the person who has sought to hide it, is covered with disgrace. Jesus is the light of truth, and if we believe on him, and continue in his work, which is truth, we become his followers in very deed. Then we are promised: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." But to hide the truth is sin, and sin is bondage. Children love to be free and happy. Therefore, if they are ever tempted by their surroundings and conditions to utter falsehood, let them out with the truth, for that will make them free and happy.

In the life of President Joseph F. Smith

we shall find that he has always stood by the truth: and in his history we have many examples showing how it is best to tell the truth, even when surroundings or conditions would favor a lie. Let us relate one or two. In the spring of 1860, President Smith, who was then a young man about 22 years of age, was called on a mission to England. As he had no money, he and his cousin, Samuel H. B. Smith, each drove a four-mule team over the plains to Winter Quarters to pay their way. It happened that the owners of these teams were rank apostates, so that when they arrived at their destination it was very well known that the young men were Latter-day Saints. They were moneyless and decided finally to go to Des Moines where they tried without success to get something to do. They hunted for work in the harvest fields, but found no one who wished to employ them. The feeling was still bitter against the "Mormons" in this region, for it was only about 14 years since the remnant of the Saints had been driven from Nauvoo. One day they met a man who asked them who they were and where they were going, and having been told that they were going to England on a mission, the man stated that he had a sister in England whom he wished to emigrate, and asked that they take the money with them for her emigration. He stated that they might use it as they saw fit, if when on arrival they would let his sister have it to pay her passage to America. They agreed to this, and immediately went on their way to Burlington where they took a steamer for Nauvoo. They inquired and were told by the officers that the steamer would land in Nauvoo; but when they got on board they learned that the steamer would not land at that place, as they had been told; and they also heard the most bitter imprecations against the Latter-day Saints, uttered in the most profane and indecent language.

Landing at Montrose, where the boat

took on freight, the feeling was still more bitter. The Saints were cursed, and boasts were made what evil would befall any "Mormon" who would dare to make his appearance. Getting on board the skiff, next morning, which was to carry them over to Nauvoo, the young men found that the spirit of the mob was just as bitter as ever, but it was not known here that they were "Mormons." Several men asked them who they were, and their replies were evasive. Finally, a Catholic priest came to them and asked were they were from. "O! from the West," was the reply.

"How far west?"

"From the Rocky Mountains."

But the priest finally pinned them down by asking, "Are you 'Mormon' elders from Utah?"

President Smith says that for a moment, under those circumstances, never had temptation to deny the truth come to him with stronger force, but it was only for a moment. He answered, "Yes, sir, we are 'Mormon' missionaries on our way to England." The reply seemed to satisfy the priest; and, contrary to expectations, it did not in the least increase the imprecations of the passengers. When they landed at Nauvoo they went directly to the Mansion House, and, strange to say, the Catholic priest also stayed there. If they had not truthfully answered the queries on the boat, he would have found them out here, to their shame. "I had never felt happier," says President Smith, "than when I saw the minister there, and knew that we had told him the truth about our mission."

Remaining a day or two in Nauvoo, they set out to find the home of their aunt, Catherine Smith Salisbury, some distance out in the country, whom they wished to visit before proceeding on their eastward journey. Becoming tired with walking, they decided to stop and get a drink on the way. They spied a tumbled-down

farm house, surrounded by an indifferently tilled farm, the farmer sitting with one or two of his neighbors in the shade of the house, near which was a well. The young men went up to the well, and the farmer, a fleshy man, came out to meet them. In reply to their request, he drew some water,



PRES. JOSEPH F. SMITH.

(Taken in 1864, after his return from his first mission to England).

and gave them to drink, at the same time plying them with questions:

"Where are you going?"

"To Mrs. Salisbury's."

"Are you related?"

"Yes; we are her nephews."

"Then you are related to the Smiths?" concluded the farmer.

"Yes, sir," said President Smith, "Hyrum Smith was my father, and Joseph was his brother, as you know."

The farmer drew back a step or two and exclaimed, "I was just five minutes too late to witness their massacre."

"At this reply," says President Smith, "I went blind, so that all around me was utter darkness, except that I could see the farmer. The spirit of darkness took full possession of me, and I remembered nothing only the words of the farmer. I asked him 'And what do you think of it?' His reply was, 'What I have always thought of it!—and here he made a long pause—'it was a cold-blooded murder!'"

"When these words were uttered," says President Smith, "I awoke as from a dream; the darkness which had surrounded me vanished; there was light again; I was myself. I found to my utter surprise that I had a large bone-handled knife clutched tightly in my hand. I can only remember that I had thought, 'If he sympathizes with the murder of the prophets, I will kill him!' When I awoke to myself again, and realized what had taken place, no man was ever happier than I to think that his answer had been what it was, and that the darkness and evil had fled."

Later, in conversation with the young men, the farmer said that things were going down in that district. Everything looked dilapidated and uncared for. "I have lived here for thirty years, and have not seen property so bad before. My farm, as you see it, is the best in this region. Ever since the martyrdom, the blight of God seems to have been on the land."

It was about three years prior to these incidents that an episode occurred in President Smith's life illustrating the same principle: It is best to tell the truth. He was then on his way to Utah, from a mission in Hawaii. At Honolulu he went on board the barque *Yankee*, on October 6th, 1857, and with a company of Elders landed in San Francisco about the end of the month. With Edward Partridge, he went down the coast to Santa Cruz county, Cal., and from thence with a company of Saints, under Captain Charles W. Wardell, southward to the Mojave river, where he and

others left the company and made a visit to San Bernardino. It must be said that the feeling against the "Mormons," first, on account of the false reports of the Mountain Meadows massacre, and secondly, because of the coming of Johnston's army to Utah, was exceedingly bitter on the coast. As an illustration: while they were in Los Angeles a man, William Wall by name, came near being hung because he had confessed he was a "Mormon." A mob of men had passed sentence on him, and had prepared every detail to hang him. It was only through the wise counsel of a man among them, whose better judgment prevailed, that he was not hung. This man pointed out to the mob that here was a man who had not been near Utah when the massacre took place, a man who had no sympathy with it, who could in no way be counted as a criminal. Why should he suffer? And so Wall was finally discharged and given time to get out of the country. It was under such conditions, and such prevailing sentiment, that President Smith, then a lad of nineteen, found himself on his journey home, and on his trip to San Bernardino.

With Amasa Marion, and a mail carrier, he took passage in a mail wagon. They traveled all night, and at daylight stopped near a ranch for breakfast. Marion and the mail carrier began to prepare breakfast, while Joseph went a short distance from camp to look after the horses. Just while the carrier was frying eggs, a wagon load of drunken men from Monte came in view, on their road to San Bernardino to kill the "Mormons."

The oaths and foul language which they uttered, between their shooting, and the swinging of their pistols, are almost beyond comparison. Only the West in its palmiest frontier days could produce anything like its equal. They were all cursing the "Mormons," and uttering boast of what they would do when they met them.

They got out at the ranch, and one of them, tumbling around, caught sight of the mail wagon, and made his way towards it. Marion and the mail carrier, fearing for their safety, had retired behind the chaparral, leaving all the baggage and supplies, including the frying eggs, exposed and unprotected.

Just as this drunken man approached, President Smith came in view on his way to the camp, too late to hide, for he had been seen. The desperado was swinging his weapon, and uttering the most blood-curdling oaths and threats ever heard against the "Mormons." "I dared not run," says President Smith, "though I trembled for fear which I dared not show. I therefore walked right up to the camp fire, and arrived there just a minute or two before the drunken man. The man came directly toward me, and, swinging the revolver in my face, with an oath, cried out: 'Are you a — — — — — "Mormon?"'

President Smith looked him straight in the eyes, and answered with emphasis: "Yes, sir'e'e; dyed in the wool!"

The desperado's arms both dropped by his sides, as if paralyzed, his pistol in hand, and he said, in a subdued and maudlin voice: "Well, you are the — — — — — pleasantest man I ever met!" Then he turned and made his way to the ranch house. Later in the day, President Smith saw him. He only pulled his slouch hat over his eyes, and said not a word.

*Edward H. Anderson.*

#### THE LITTLE BLIND BOY OF HOLLAND.

It happened little more than a year ago. The President was visiting the Saints in all the branches of the Church in Europe. This month—the beautiful harvest month of August—he was to visit Rotterdam. Missionaries and Saints alike were anxious to see him, and were preparing for the

great spiritual feast they should have when he came.

Little John, too, was waiting anxiously for the president to come. Not that little John could see him now. Unfortunately he could not. But Little John remembered with a thrill of pleasure that, two or three years before, he had been able to see as well as any of his playmates, and then he

had long ago made him discontinue school; so that now he stayed at home, wore a great bandage over his eyes, and spent most of his time thinking of how good the Lord had been to him at other times, and hoping that He would not forsake him now.

So Little John was waiting anxiously, too, for the President to come. The President was the greatest man on earth, thought Little John, and he wanted very much to hear him, at least, even if he could not see him.

The evening before the day on which the President was to visit the Saints of Rotterdam, Little John was unusually excited. He could speak of nothing but the President's visit, he could think of nothing else. He was literally possessed by uncontrollable enthusiasm.

"Oh, mama," he cried, "I'm so glad that I shall be able at least to hear the President. Just think, mama, he is the Prophet of God."

"Yes, my dear," answered his mama, "he is God's holy anointed prophet. I, too, am glad he is coming to visit us. It is almost as if God Himself were to come."

Little John was impressed. He remained quiet for a little while. He was in deep thought. It was almost the first time he had been quiet that day. By and by he spoke again.

"Mama, the prophet has the most power of any missionary on earth, hasn't he?"

"Yes, dear boy," said his mother, "he holds all the keys and authority that God ever gives to man. Why do you ask, my son?"

Little John was silent for another little while; then he said solemnly, fervently. "Mama, if you will take me with you to the meeting, and get the President to look into my eyes, I believe they will be healed."

"My dear boy," said his mother tenderly,



PRES. JOSEPH F. SMITH.

(Taken in Salt Lake City, in 1865).

had loved to look upon the picture of the kind, sympathetic-looking president. Little John always imagined that he saw a halo of glory about the president's head.

But fortune had been unkind to Little John since those happy days—or so at least he thought. Although he was only eleven years old, he had now for several years suffered very much with his eyes. They were always inflamed, and there was always a terrible pain in them. The doc-

"I know the President has power to heal you. But, my boy, the President is very busy just now. He has traveled far to visit us, and there are hundreds of people who want to see him. You are only a boy, my son, and we must not intrude nor force ourselves upon the President's notice."

Little John's spirits sank. Yes, he was only a boy; and the President, oh! he was such a great man. There would be so many at the meeting to see him, he would not notice the little boy.

"But mama," asked Little John after a while, "you will take me with you to the meeting, won't you?"

"Yes, my boy," said his mother.

"Then," said Little John, his spirits rising, "I shall hear the voice of the President—the Prophet; and oh! if he would only look into my eyes, I know they would be healed."

The next day Little John listened with rapture to the tones of the Prophet of God. Although the little boy could understand only what the interpreter said—for the President could not speak Dutch—yet he was warmed and thrilled by the kindly sounds of the President's voice.

When the service was over, the President went to the door to shake hands with the Saints as they passed out of the hall.

"Ah," thought Little John, "it is all over. But I have heard the Prophet's voice! I do wish I could meet him now and that he would look into my eyes."

Almost at that moment the mother said, "This is the President, Little John, he wants to shake hands with you."

A great warm hand took hold of Little John's and a kind voice greeted him tenderly. It was the President! Little John's heart beat so that it could almost be heard. Then the President's other hand lifted the bandage from Little John's eyes, and the President looked sympathetically into their sore and painful depths.

"The Lord bless you, my boy," the President said, placing a hand on Little John's head. "He will grant you the desire of your heart."

Now little John was happy and contented indeed, and far more enthusiastic than ever before. He had heard the President's voice, and the President had looked into his eyes, and his eyes were feeling better, too.

When he reached home Little John could hardly contain himself. Suddenly he called out, "Oh, mama, my eyes are well; I can't feel any more pain at all. And oh, mama, I can see fine now, and far too."

His mother ran to him, not knowing what to think. She tested him in every conceivable way; and, sure enough, he could see as well as ever he could.

By and by little John spoke again, his voice almost choked with tears. "Mama," he asked, "The President's name is Joseph F. Smith, isn't it?"

"Yes, my dear," she answered. "He is a nephew of the Prophet Joseph."

"And I think he is as great a prophet, too," said Little John, "he possesses just as much power and authority. Mama," he continued earnestly, "I shall pray for him always, for I know he is a true prophet of God."

*Osborne J. P. Widtsoe.*



#### CASTING OUT AN EVIL SPIRIT.

SEVEN years after the pioneer Saints entered the valley of the Great Salt Lake, President Joseph F. Smith was only fifteen years of age. Of course, he was not really the President then, but he possessed even then those strong characteristics that mark him now as the divinely appointed Man of God.

Well, in the year 1854, when the President was fifteen years old, the Prophet Brigham Young called him to go on a mis-

sion to the Sandwich Islands. The Sandwich Islands are far away, out in the great Pacific Ocean. The people who live there have dark skins, like our American Indians, and they are only about half civilized; and worst of all, they speak a strange outlandish language not at all like English. So the mission to the Sandwich Islands was not one that the President might have taken from choice. But the Presi-

learned Hawaiian so well that he was able to begin active missionary labor among the people. The power of God was indeed with him. He spoke as one inspired, and he used the language so well that the native islanders looked in admiration upon him. And more than that, through the divine power of his holy Priesthood, he was able, time and again, to restore the sick to health, and to help the afflicted from their beds of suffering.

At one time the President was living with a native family at Wailuku. He was the only missionary. The whole responsibility of the important work of the Church rested upon him. He had to converse with the people; he had to preach to them; he had to defend his people from slander; and he had to administer to the people when they were in distress.

One night he sat in the little native hut studying the language. In another part of the hut were the Hawaiian to whom the place belonged, and his wife. They had become interested in the young missionary and had given him shelter. Tonight they were alone with him in the hut. They stopped their work frequently to ask him some question about his people, to ask him to interpret some passage of scripture, or to ask him to explain again the principles he had been teaching them. And each time the President answered them kindly, though he was interrupted in his work, and spoke with such authority that the native couple was thoroughly satisfied.

Suddenly, the peacefulness of the evening was cruelly disturbed. The native woman was violently seized by some evil power. Her body was terribly bent and twisted; she was thrown about as if by someone of superhuman strength; and her face assumed a frightful expression.

Her husband was horror-stricken. He fled from the presence of the afflicted woman and crouched at the feet of the President, moaning unintelligible prayers. For



PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

(Taken 1865.)

dent was a true Latter-day Saint at heart even as a boy; he did not complain, but said cheerfully that he would go. And when he was set apart for the mission, Apostle Parley P. Pratt promised him that he should have the power of God with him, and that he should acquire the language readily. "by the gift of God and also by study."

Not more than one hundred days after his arrival at the islands, the President had

a moment the President, too, was frightened. This was a new and unexpected demonstration of the power of evil. The President was inexperienced in such things and hardly knew what to do. Presently, however, he regained his usual composure. He offered a short prayer to God, then he arose and confronted the woman possessed. All fear had left him; in its place was the power of God. He spoke; in the stillness his deep young voice sounded like the awe-inspiring tones of the divine power itself.

"In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I rebuke you," he said.

That was all; but the majesty of authority sat upon him. He was one of the elect; he was the President. As soon as the rebuke was uttered, the woman fell to the floor limp and apparently lifeless.

The woman's husband, who recovered now from his fear, believed his wife to be really dead, and set up the usual form of howling for the deceased. The President, however, speedily reassured him; and soon the woman regained her wonted strength, firmly convinced of the divine authority of the man whom her humble cottage sheltered.

J. P.

\* \* \*

#### MORE THAN A HALO.

THE early days of April in the year 1893 were heavy with storm and gloom. A leaden sky stretched over the earth; every day the rain beat down upon it, and the storm-winds swept over it with terrific force. Yet the brightness and the glory of those days far outshone the gloom. It was during those tempestuous days of early April that the Salt Lake Temple was dedicated.

During the dedicatory services, it was my privilege to transcribe the official notes of the various meetings. At the first service, which was known as the "official dedication," I was sitting on the lower side of the east pulpits, at the re-

corder's table. Brother John Nicholson, who had been busy at the outer gate, came in and sat down beside me, just as President Joseph F. Smith arose to speak. Almost as soon as President Smith began to address the Saints, there shone through his countenance a radiant light that gave me a peculiar feeling. I thought that the clouds must have lifted, and that a stream of sunlight had lighted on the President's head.



PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

(Taken in Liverpool, in 1875, while on his second mission to England.)

I turned to Brother Nicholson and whispered, "What a singular effect of sunlight on the face of President Smith! Do look at it."

He whispered back, "There is no sunshine outdoors—nothing but dark clouds and gloom."

I looked out of the window, and somewhat to my surprise, I saw that Brother

Nicholson had spoken truth. There was not the slightest rift in the heavy, black clouds above the city; there was not a gleam of sunshine anywhere. Whence, then, came the light that still shone from the face of President Smith?

Most people remember the terrible storm of that day. It was a day not easily to be forgotten. I was told afterwards by Sister Edna Smith, who lived on the corner of First West and North Temple streets, that her parents came outside of their door at about the time of the opening of the services. They stood for some time watching the gloomy, cloud-swept heavens intently, when they saw all at once a glow of glorious light surround the Temple and circle about it as if it were an intelligible Presence. Later also, my sister, Carlie Young Cannon, who lived outside of the city, on what is known as the Cannon Farm, informed me that some members of her family came outside of their door on this same stormy morning. As they stood looking up toward the city, they, too, saw the strange light circling about the Temple walls. From their point of vantage they could see clearly that it was no effect of sunshine; for the clouds did not lift for an instant that day.

Whence, then, came the light that shone from the face of President Smith? I was sure that I had seen the actual Presence of the Holy Spirit, focussed upon the features of the beloved leader and prophet, Joseph F. Smith. It was but an added testimony to me that he was the "Chosen of the Lord." I cherish the occurrence as one of the most sacred experiences of my life.

*Susa Young Gates.*

¶

#### A LESSON IN PRAYER.

"It's no use," said Joseph Fielding, "the cattle have either strayed so far that we shall never again see them, or they have been driven off by cattle thieves."

The boy, almost hidden in the tall, wet prairie grass, looked at his uncle in silent disappointment. He was too tired, and too hungry, to speak, and he was too much disheartened, too; for he knew how eager his mother was to emigrate to the valley in the spring.

Indeed, among the Saints who joined the exodus of '46 and '47, there was none more anxious to reach the Promised Land than Mary Fielding Smith. The winter of '46 she had spent at Winter Quarters. During that severe season her scanty provisions had been nearly exhausted, and most of her cattle and horses had died of exposure; so that the spring found her without provisions, destitute, and unprepared for the wearisome march westward. In the fall of '47, however, Sister Smith and her brother, Joseph Fielding, secured two teams and drove into Missouri to purchase provisions. Her son Joseph, though only a boy of nine, went with them, and drove one of the teams.

It was on the way back from St. Joseph that the little company met with their first misfortune. They camped one evening on the edge of an extensive natural clearing in the woods. In another part of the clearing was pastured a large herd of cattle, which some drovers were taking to market. The grass was high and plentiful, so young Joseph and his uncle turned out their oxen, as usual, to graze during the night. In the morning, however, the company was surprised to see that the best yoke of oxen was missing. Never before had the animals separated; never before had the old teamster, or the young, had any trouble with his team. What had happened during the night to disturb the usual security of the oxen, these teamsters did not know.

Immediately however, Joseph and Brother Fielding set out in search of the lost team. They tramped through the tall, wet grass, till they were wet to the skin;

they trudged for miles over the silent prairie, and they hunted the woods almost from end to end. But they found no lost cattle. It was nearly noon; the hunters were footsore and hungry. They were discouraged. They were ready to give up.

"But what will mother do if we don't find the oxen?" asked Joseph, after some time. "They were our best yoke. We can't go forward without them, and mother is so anxious to go to the Valley."

"Yes," said his uncle, "she will be terribly disappointed, I know. But I know, too, that we can't find the oxen."

"I don't understand it," said Joseph. "They never did such a thing before. Let's try it again, uncle. Maybe the Lord will lead us to them, if we don't give up."

So they tried again, but again they failed. Men had seen their lost cattle here, there and elsewhere, but they themselves could never see them. Both Joseph and his uncle returned to camp heartily disgusted and discouraged.

Young Joseph was first to reach the camp. As he approached he heard his mother's voice. She was praying. And such a prayer! It was the widow laying her heart open before her God. Eloquently she portrayed her present condition and pictured her burning desire to go with the Saints to the Valley. Fervently she prayed and pleaded with her God so to direct her footsteps that she might find the missing cattle. Joseph was overcome. Prayer he had heard before, and though but nine years old, he had often seen prayers answered. But such a thing as this his boyish soul had never dreamed of—a widow in the deseret, praying to God for help, when, it would seem, no help could avail.

Joseph entered the camp with indescribable feelings. Depression, sympathy, filial affection, reverence, strove one with another for mastery.

"Well, Joseph my boy, have you seen the oxen?" asked his mother cheerily.

"Not yet, mother," was all he could answer.

"Well, never mind, my son," she went on. "Come and have something to eat. You're tired and hungry. By and by we'll look again and perhaps we'll find them, too," she added hopefully.

Then her brother, Joseph Fielding came as tired, as hungry, as disheartened as the boy.



PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.

(Taken March 18, 1878.)

"Never mind," said the hopeful widow again. "Sit down to your breakfast. Why, it's noon and you haven't had a bite to eat yet. Now," she continued, "while you are eating I will go down towards the river and see if I can find the cattle."

"It's useless for you to hunt the cattle," said her brother, "I have enquired of all the herdsmen and at every house for miles. I believe the cattle have been driven off."

"Well, I'll try anyway," said the widow, and trudged bravely away.

Joseph could hardly repress his tears. He had heard his mother pray; he knew why she had prayed so fervently. It would almost break her heart not to go to the Valley in the spring. He had heard his mother pray before, and he knew that the Lord loved her. He prayed, too, now—a honest, silent prayer, that God would lead his mothen to the lost oxen. And he felt better after that; he looked up hopefully. The day seemed brighter to him, and more cheerful.

"Uncle," he said, "I believe mother will find those oxen."

Meanwhile, Sister Smith went directly to the river, not far from the camp, and began to follow it up stream. She had not proceeded far when a drover rode up on the other side and said,

"Madam, I saw your cattle this morning over in those woods."

He pointed in a direction almost opposite to that which Sister Smith was pursuing. She did not heed him but passed calmly on her way.

"Madam," he said again, "I saw your cattle this morning oved in those woods,"

Still Sister Smith paid no attention. She continued persistently on her way. The drover, however, whirled his horse about, hurriedly collected his cattle, and set out for St. Joseph.

Not far from the place where she had encountered the herdsman, Sister Smith came to a little ravine filled with willows and brush. She pushed her way into the thickest part, and there, at last, her search ended. There stood the oxen, in a thick clump of willows, so hopelessly entangled that they could not possibly set themselves free. Morevor, Sister Smith found that both oxen were tied with withes, or young, stong, supple willows. No wonder the herdsman set out in haste for St. Joseph!

The cheerful, hopeful, faithful widow soon released the oxen and drove them in triumph to the camp.

"There," she cried, as she confronted her brother, "I felt pretty sure that I should find them."

"So did I, mother," said her son—"after you left I felt sure that the Lord would answer your prayer."

O. J. P. W.

### THEY DIDN'T WAIT.

"On every corner high stones were raised  
 And the names of the living were chiseled there,  
 And those who merited praise were praised,  
 Hence gladness abounded everywhere.  
 Whenever a fair thing might be said,  
 They chiseled it there on a gleaming stone,  
 They didn't wait till a man was dead  
 To praise the courage that he had shown."

### TO HIM WE LOVE.

YE wings of time, waft gently o'er his head,  
So softly fan his noble, furrowed brow;  
Angel of life, we pray you hover nigh,  
To him we love, and grant him rich supply  
• Of vigorous manhood; and this allow—  
On couch of ease, to him your sweetest  
sleep,  
While moon and stars their holy vigils keep.

Offspring of seers, from famed Ephraim  
sprung!

Born amid scenes of suffering and woe,  
The martyrdom his childish heart did rend,  
A widowed mother he must now defend  
'Gainst enemies without, and dreaded foe  
Within—grim Want oft strode the stricken  
fold—  
An oft-repeated story, still untold.

A lad of nine, how manfully he strove  
To do his part across the desert wild,  
With "seas before and rocks on either hand,"  
Where poisonous serpents traced the burn-  
ing sand,  
And painted savage roamed. O sturdy child!  
God marked thee, even then—the father-  
less—  
And led thee safely through the wilderness.

And yet again; a youth—fifteen, no more—  
He bent his footsteps toward a foreign  
strand,  
To teach a darkened people God's great plan:  
How they were His and He their fellow-  
man;  
But now, alas! no mother pressed his hand  
Or kissed his cheek—her earthly work was  
done,  
Henceforth no human voice would call him  
son.

An Hercules—Christ's minister to earth!  
On lofty peaks this champion always stood,  
No treacherous craven ever saw him quail,  
Or, to his face, e'er did the truth assail.  
Their lives to his are like the leafless wood  
When day is done; his light they cannot  
dim,  
For God shall still reserve and honor him.

*Ruth May Fox.*



## WORMS.

ALONG the right bank of the Rhine, the forests are so enticing, but as we near Worms, it flows through a broad plain, which it has made prosperous and fertile for thousands of years. The first of the great cities we meet with on the left bank is Worms.

Worms is not beautiful, if we consider only varied colors or forms, but it has the beauty that is peculiar to the places in this part of the country, and to the environs of the ancient town of Worms.

The landscape is flat, the color unattractive, and the Rhine flows smoothly and calmly between the green meadows. Nothing interferes with the broad expanse of sky; the clouds are sailing away, and over there we see the spires of the cathedral arising in silent majesty.

The historical Worms is one of the most ancient of the Rhenish provinces.

Tudda, the Rabbi, refers to it as the ancient abode of emigrant Israelites. A legend is connected with this Jewish colony, which tells that when better days had come and they were summoned back to Jerusalem, by the high priest, they ling-

ered in the land of the green Rhine, loath to go, and in reply to the call they said, "We live in the promised land. Worms is our Jerusalem, our synagogue, our temple." They felt justified in replying thus because when they were driven from the Holy City they carried with them some of the consecrated soil, and intermixed it with the earth of their burying ground, and with the soil in which the foundation of their new synagogue was laid. So, to them, this became a land of promise, where they prayed, and where their bones were finally laid to rest.

It has been asserted that when persecution was so rife in the Middle Ages, the Jews of Worms often escaped when others suffered so much. It has been said, this was because the members of the synagogue of Worms, sent out the report, —strange as it may seem—that when the Savior was about to be crucified, and the Jewish communities of the world assented to it, the Worms synagogue alone withheld its consent.

In the chronicle of the Dalberg family, whom we find mentioned in old deeds as



WORMS.

chamberlains of Worms, is another account of how the Jews came to Worms. The chronicle relates how their primitive ancestor was a cousin of the Virgin Mary, and, at the same time, a centurion in the twenty-second Roman Legion.

He, during the time he was stationed on the Rhine, brought Jews with him to Worms from Jerusalem, after its capture and destruction by Titus—and that, too, in the capacity of slaves, then magnanimously he gave them their freedom, and they founded the Worms Synagogue.

The German princes used to gather here to choose a king, and here the quarrel of the two Edwards was ended.

Uhland, in his "Duke Ernest of Swabia" speaks of the election of a king in the year 1024, and that the princely train, amid the rejoicing of the people, proceeded from here to Mayence for the coronation. All these events, have long passed away, but the ground on which they were enacted still lives, and to him who thinks deeply the actors reawaken among these scenes, and to them is disclosed, the mighty form of the king towering over his nobles.

This invisible reanimation of historical figures, in the place where the scenes were enacted, is the sign of an historical landscape.

And we would not willingly forget what has been, for here we stand where the great Caesar once stood, it was here that Attila, the gloomy hero of destruction drove his cavalry across the Rhine. The sleepy stillness of a lovely Sabbath morning pervades the place as we enter it. It is early and not many are astir, as we walk from the station, over the ground that has been made so famous in history. The streets on either side are lined with trees of dense shade, so that the air is somewhat chilly.

Before the cathedral we remember the quarrel of the two queens, Brundhild and Chrimhilda. The southern side of the

cathedral is adorned with statues of the fourteenth century, representing the characters in the song of the "Nibelungen."

Service is on, so we stay awhile in one part, then in another, listen to the singing and the responses. A string of flags and banners are stretched across the road, a Sunday School celebration is on during the day, and children in great numbers, gaily dressed are to be seen on the streets.

The cathedral is still the greatest of the monuments of the city. "It is one of those splendid stone giants which the church has stationed along the Rhine as guardians of its power. The style is Romanesque. The ground plan is that of a Roman basilica, enriched with lavish decoration.

"According to fixed law, the principal entrance should have been opposite the eastern choir. The beautiful entrance on the south side, must have been added three hundred years later."

The rough, high walls look down on us, mighty as the times from which they sprang, and the impression is still with us, as with muffled tread, we step within its sacred walls. Here are the stone tombs of the ecclesiastical princes of Worms, and over the altars pictures with golden backgrounds. How many assemblies, imperial diets, and other councils, weighty with the fate of Germany have been held within reach of these walls? In the year 772 war was declared here against the Saxons. In 1122, at an imperial diet here, a treaty was made between Emperor Henry V, and Pope Calixtus II, respecting the invertiture of the bishops, with sceptre, ring and staff. In the year 1495 a great diet was held under Maximilian I, at which club-law was abolished and public peace established.

The voices of the singers float far on the summer air, and recall as they babble on another world-stirring diet that was held here in the ancient, historical Worms.

*Lydia D. Alder.*



### STORY OF THE PILGRIMS.

CHILDREN, do you know the story,  
Of the first Thanksgiving-Day,  
Founded by our Pilgrim Fathers  
In that time so far away?  
  
They had given for religion  
Wealth and comfort, yes, and more,  
Left their homes, and friends and kindred,  
For a bleak and barren shore.  
  
On New England's rugged headlands,  
Now where peaceful Plymouth lies,  
There they built their rude log-cabins,  
'Neath the cold, forbidding skies.  
  
And too often, e'en the bravest  
Felt his blood run cold with dread,  
Lest the wild and savage red man  
Burn the roof above his head.  
  
Want and sickness, death and sorrow,  
Met their eye on every hand;  
And before the spring-time reached them,  
They had buried half their band.  
  
But their noble, brave endurance  
Was not exercised in vain;  
Summer brought them brighter prospects,  
Ripening seed and waving grain.  
  
And the patient Pilgrim mothers,  
As the harvest time drew near,  
Looked with happy, thankful faces  
At the full corn in the ear.  
  
So the governor, William Bradford,  
In the gladness of his heart,  
To praise God for all His mercies  
Set a special day apart.  
  
This was in the autumn, children.  
Sixteen hundred twenty-one;  
Scarce year from when they landed,  
And the colony begun.  
  
And now when in late November  
Our Thanksgiving feast is spread,  
'Tis the same time-honored custom  
Of those Pilgrims long since dead.  
  
We shall never know the terrors  
That they braved years, years ago;  
But for all their struggles gave us,  
We our gratitude can show.—*Selected.*

### A MOMENT OF DOUBT.

SUPPOSE you should forget,  
After our love and tears,  
To wait for me in that shining place  
That lies behind the years!

Suppose I should forget,  
After my lips are dumb,  
To go to you, O heart of my heart—  
Suppose I should not come!

Never yet was a soul,  
The past remembering,  
But who, one moment in the dark,  
Doubted the coming Spring.

And never yet was one  
Who on this earth has trod,  
But for one instant told his heart  
He doubted even God.

Wherefore then blame me. Love,  
That, mortal that I be,  
I stand one moment, lost, dismayed—  
Then face eternity!

*By Charles Hanson Towne, in Ainslee's.*



### AURORA BOREALIS.

EVEN as the glory of the northern lights  
On some still winter midnight strikes the soul  
Spellbound with visions, and the boreal pole  
Becomes a flaming ladder that unites  
Heaven and earth! so, Love, your beauty smites  
My spirit dumb with wonder, and the whole  
Sky of my life burns with the aureole  
Of your strange being blazing on the heights.

Love is no less a mystery to me  
Then the aurora of the northern sky.  
'Twas the cold midnight of my destiny,  
When from the void you came to glorify  
My firmament with unknown ecstasy:  
Yea, and I know not whence you came nor  
why!

*By Elsa Barker, in 'The Broadway  
Magazine.'*



# EDITORIAL THOUGHTS

SALT LAKE CITY, - - NOVEMBER 15, 1907

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PRESIDENT JOSEPH F. SMITH.



NOVEMBER thirteenth, eighteen hundred thirty-eight, will ever be a day of blessed memory among the Latter-day Saints. Not that the outlook for the welfare of the Saints was exceptionally hopeful on that particular day. On the contrary, it was a day of suffering, of severe tribulation, of discouragement. Less than two weeks before, the Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum, with other prominent brethren, had been betrayed to a Missouri mob through the perfidy of the "Mormon" militia officer, George M. Hinckle. The next day the leaders of the Church had been condemned to be shot to death on the public square. Only the splendid, courageous sense of justice of Gen. Doniphan had saved the Prophet and his friends from a too early martyrdom.

But the general's fearless attitude did

not save the city from plunder and rapine. Strong men and weak, hale men and sick, were alike forced to submit to the most ignominious treatment. Nor were women sacred to the frenzied mob. Plunder was good but not good enough. Added to it must be crimes of murder and bloodshed, and ravishment, to satisfy the beast spirit of the maddened crowd. These were days that tried the faith of Saints. Even the elect found it hard to stand.

Yet, the thirteenth of November, eighteen hundred thirty-eight, will ever be a day of blessed memory. In a little cabin in Far West, amid terrible scenes of violence, there was born that day, a son to the patriarch Hyrum Smith,—an apostle of Jesus Christ, a prophet of God, and a president of the Church.

Satan knew the worth of the little child even at his birth and tried therefore to destroy him. It was soon after his birth that the unbridled rage of the mob was turned toward the little cabin in which lay Mary Fielding Smith and her babe. The pillagers burst into the room hungrily. They pulled a bed to pieces, hoping to find in it hidden treasure, and threw the torn mattress upon another bed where the little babe lay sleeping. The child was smothered. When assistance came, it was found black in the face and nearly dead.

But the Lord preserved the child that day. The Lord has preserved him always to the present. When he was but six years old, the little boy saw the martyred remains of his father and his uncle, Joseph Smith. When he was but nine years old, the sturdy youngster drove an ox-team across the plains and entered the Valley ahead of the company with which he had been traveling. When he was but fifteen years old, the youth was sent on a mission

to a foreign land. When he was twenty-seven years old, the young man was made an apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ. And from that time to this, the man has never had the harness off, nor laid the armor down.

President Joseph F. Smith has been always a stalwart in God's ranks, and we love to honor him on this, his sixty-ninth birthday. Sing, ye children of Zion, and give praise to God who has given us such a man as President of the Church, and General Superintendent of the great Sunday School cause. *Assistant Editor.*

#### THANKSGIVING.

THE time is November in the year 1621. The place is New England. The people are the Pilgrims. Scarcely a year has passed since they left the Old World for the New. There they had friends, comfort, and even wealth. But there they did not have freedom to worship their God as they pleased. In the New World they found no friends, nor the comforts of their former life, nor wealth. But they did gain liberty, and freedom to worship God.

That first winter in the New World, though, was very trying. The season was severe, the snow piled up almost mountains high; the cold, wintry blasts cut through even the great logs of the block-house. Such suffering was almost too intense to bear; only the bonds of a dear religion could hold such a band together.

When spring came, however, the Pilgrims looked with new hope upon their Promised Land. They planned and they planted; they watched and they waited. Autumn came, and with it a splendid harvest. The hardships of the previous winter were now overcome. The winter before them caused the Pilgrim Fathers no fearful thought. Gratitude alone was in their hearts. When the har-

vest was gathered in, and plenty filled the bins of even the poorest, Governor Bradford proclaimed a day of Thanksgiving. It was in November, and from that day to this we have not ceased in November to praise the Lord and thank Him for the harvest we have garnered.

All the world has cause to be thankful. The great American nation, especially, has cause to be thankful. And the Latter-day Saints, of all the people in America or in the world, have most cause to be thankful. The Pilgrims, indeed, were blessed, but we have been blessed a hundred fold. They praised God and thanked Him, we should do so a hundred fold more. The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof. To the Latter-day Saints He has opened up the rich harvests of the earth. Gold and silver we have a plenty; the fruits of the field and the orchard are ours; our flocks and herds have multiplied beyond our fondest hopes. But, best of all, the Lord has prospered us in spiritual things. The Gospel with all its joys and hopes is ours. The authority of the Priesthood gives us power over pestilence and disease. At our head walks the man who, like David of old, is after God's own heart.

The time is November, 1907. The place is Deseret, in the valleys of the Rockies. The people are the Latter-day Saints. Seventy-seven prosperous years have passed since the Church was founded. Has anyone greater cause to give thanks than have the Latter-day Saints?

#### ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS.

When, where and how were the apostles martyred?

From Fox's *Book of Martyrs* we learn the following:

Peter was crucified A. D. 66, at Rome.

James was beheaded in the year 44 A.

D.

John was banished in the year 96 A. D. Andrew was crucified (bound to a cross). Philip was crucified about 52 A. D. Bartholomew was flayed alive. Thomas had a lance run through him. Matthew was slain with a battle ax, 60 A. D. James the Less was beaten to death. Thaddeus shot to death with arrows about 72 A. D. Simon was crucified 74 A. D. Mark was dragged to death in the streets of Alexandria. Paul was beheaded in Rome by Nero, 66 A. D. Barnabas was stoned by the Jews, 73 A. D.

What caused Moses to be slow of speech? Were his speaking organs injured in any way, and how?

The passage in which Moses declares that he is "slow of speech" is as follows: "And Moses said unto the Lord, O my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou hast spoken unto thy servant; but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue."

The question is, perhaps, sufficiently answered in this quotation. It is not probable that Moses suffered from any physical defect, injury, or derangement of his vocal organs. But he was not eloquent; he was of a slow tongue. His temperament was probably phlegmatic—he spoke slowly; he was conservative—he spoke with deliberation. Moses was not an orator, he was not honey-tongued. The passage, probably means nothing more than this.

Men of deliberation were known even before the days of Moses. From the Pearl of Great Price we learn that Enoch asked the Lord, "Why is it that I have found favor in thy sight, and am but a lad, and all the people hate me: for I am slow of speech; wherefore am I thy servant? And

the Lord said unto Enoch, Go forth and do as I have commanded thee, and no man shall pierce thee. Open thy mouth, and it shall be filled, and I will give thee utterance; for a flesh is in my hands, and I will do as seemeth me good." Enoch's difficulty was the same as that of Moses. In this case, however, the Lord promised to fill Enoch's mouth with words—to make him eloquent; in the other, He gave to Moses an orator.



#### SIGNED: A SUBSCRIBER.

THE editor of the JUVENILE is in receipt of a letter signed *A Subscriber*. The letter puts two questions, and desires that these questions shall be answered through the columns of the JUVENILE. Now, the questions themselves are in their way good enough, and it is very proper to submit them to the general Sunday School Union Board for answers, or to the editors of the JUVENILE. But, the letter now in our hands should have signed to it the name and address of the subscriber, and not merely the words, *A Subscriber*.

We must insist, whenever questions are put to us to answer, that the name and address of the questioner shall be stated in every case. It is not a matter of good policy to publish in a magazine any article, the author of which is not known, or to answer a question the asker of which is not known. It is not necessary to explain here the whys and wherefores. Every person will be able to see, on a little consideration, the dangers we run in publishing articles by unknown writers, or in answering questions put by unknown inquirers. We want to answer all proper questions. We should like to have the subscribers of the JUVENILE make use of their magazine. But we do ask that every inquirer will sign his name and address to the questions asked.

# SUNDAY SCHOOL TOPICS

## OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL AS A MISSIONARY FORCE.



AM very glad that Brother David O. McKay, in making the announcement, has given me a little more liberty than the discussion of the question of our Sunday School as a Missionary Force. I have no doubt that a great many very profitable ideas or thoughts might be given out by a more active worker in the Sunday Schools; but to me, who am not engaged in the active Sunday School work in teaching, it has seemed a rather dry subject upon which to speak. Nevertheless, I can see some things in connection with the Sunday School work which it seems to me might be legitimately directed in the course of missionary work.

It would seem to me that every Sunday School ought to engage partly at least in home missionary work. Every member of the Sunday School, including the teachers, should constitute himself an active missionary in the Sunday School and in the ward in which he lives. I think that if this missionary spirit was cultivated, and earnest missionary work really entered into on the part of the teachers and students in the Sunday Schools there might be something of an awakening made in the ward from this lethargy and indifference that has been spoken of.

Every child that attends the Sunday School has a play-mate, no doubt, is associated more or less with a neighbor's child, or children, and it may be possible that some of the neighbor's children are not members, or have not become enrolled in the Sunday Schools; and there is an opportunity for a child that plays with the

So where children that attend the Sunday School and have an interest in their studies see that their parents are indifferent, that their parents are not warm, awake and alive to the welfare of their children and to the interests of the Sunday School and do not see to it that all their children attend there, why should not they, the children who attend, as I have said, use a missionary effort and force to awaken in the mind of the father, of the mother, and perhaps older children in the home, who have in a measure outgrown the Sunday Schools, by enlisting their sympathy in behalf of the younger ones? This would be, it appears to me, a legitimate missionary work for the children to do with their parents, with their older brothers and sisters, and very commendable.

neighbors' children to use his legitimate art of persuasion, of reason, of coaxing, of association, of invitation, and every other means within the reach of the child, to awaken in the mind of the neighboring children, the playmates, the boys' playmates and the girls' playmates and neighbors, to get them to come to Sunday School with them on Sunday morning; and once getting them there, then the Spirit in the Sunday School should be such that the child, won over by the influence of its associate and play mate to come to Sunday School, should be so attracted toward the Sunday School, and made to feel such a lively interest in it by the teachers and by the other pupils of the Sunday School, that at once an earnest desire will be awakened in the mind of the child so invited to attend the school, to come again, and finally to enroll, and in turn become a missionary again among its own brothers or sisters or

neighboring children who do not attend.

And why should there not be appointed from the class—I don't know but it is done already—and from the more active and faithful members each Sabbath, a member who will be appointed or directed to visit some child of the ward who is known to be careless and indifferent, who is not enrolled in the school, or if enrolled, does not attend as he should—to visit such a child, or children, and especially to visit them on the day before the Sunday School, on Saturday, perhaps, or early on Sunday morning, and try to get them to attend and take an interest in the Sunday School? These are mere passing thoughts, whether they are of any value, or could be made of any value, in the active operation of missionary work in the Sunday School. I leave, of course, to the judgment of those who are active workers in the schools.

Why should not the teacher, or the bishop, or those that are superintending the Sunday Schools, where they know there is a slackness and an indifference on the part of parents with respect to their children attending the Sunday School, and who do not make the effort to prepare the children in time to attend, and encourage them to attend,—why would it not be a proper thing for the teachers themselves and active workers, or the bishop, as I said, if they cannot appoint a pupil or a student of the Sunday School, to go and do the work themselves, to go as teachers, as missionaries to those parents and visit them, with the understanding brought home to the parents that they are seeking after the welfare of the children of Zion, and are earnestly desiring that the parents should awaken to a lively interest in the Sunday School?

It seems to me that very good results might be obtained from putting upon the child the responsibility of carrying a message of invitation, or solicitation, to the parents or to indifferent children, or to

non-attending children. Why not, at the school, appoint a child, or two or more of them, to do a certain thing, to perform a certain missionary act, to visit certain individuals that may be in need of it, accompanied with instructions how to approach them and how to persuade them to attend the school? It seems to me that if this were the spirit, a very powerful missionary force would be brought to bear upon the indifferent from those who enjoy the spirit of the Sunday School work and are constantly and intimately associated with it.

The very nature, of course, of the Sunday School is of a missionary character. It is to teach the children, and to teach them how to teach other children moral principles, religious thought, principles of honesty, virtue, faith in God and in His work and in the ordinances of the gospel of Jesus Christ, and in everything that is good, ennobling, virtuous and honorable. The whole labor is in the nature of missionary work. The teachers themselves are missionaries, teaching the children, and they are acting in the very essence of the missionary spirit. But why should not the children be inspired with the missionary spirit as well as the teachers and the elders who are sent out into the world to preach the gospel? How much better prepared the children will be to go abroad into the world to preach the gospel, if they are entrusted with the responsibilities of some missionary work at home while they are yet children, and thus begin that work in their childhood, become familiar with it, and get the spirit of it in their hearts when they are young. It will be helpful to them in their future labors abroad in the nations of the earth, if they are sent forth to proclaim the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I am happy to feel and to know that we have had a glorious time throughout our conference; the presence of this vast multitude here tonight in honor of the Sunday

School work is an evidence beyond dispute of the excellent spirit that pervades the hearts and the minds of the people that are assembled and who have come to attend this 78th anniversary of the semi-annual conference of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. I cannot remember that we ever had, within my experience, such an assembly on the Sunday evening as we have here tonight. We have had very large assemblies before on the occasion of the Sunday School conferences; but when I look into the faces of the multitude that are assembled here at this meeting, at this late hour, the body of the house being almost entirely filled and the galleries being full, I am filled with joy, with pleasure and satisfaction in the assurance it gives to me that this people are not listless and negligent in the interest they feel toward the work in which they are engaged. They have an interest in this work or they would not be here. You would not be here in such vast numbers as we witness this evening.

I say, the Lord bless the Latter-day Saints, and for that matter we certainly pray that the Lord will bless all His children everywhere, in every land. We have only blessings in our hearts toward our fellowmen in all the world. Our mission is the mission of love and salvation to the children of men. We are called to be saviors in the world; not that the power of salvation is given unto us whereby we may save men, but that power has been given unto us by which we may teach men how they can save themselves through obedience to the commandments of God. We do not set our works before our faith, neither do we set our faith above our works. Faith and works must go together, and they must agree. If we have faith in God and through the exercise of that faith and the promptings of it, have engaged in the work of the Lord and have set out to gain for ourselves an exaltation in the king-

dom of God, we must apply our works to that end and in that direction. Faith without works is dead, as the body without the spirit is dead. So let us put our shoulder to the wheel; let us put into our efforts in training the children of Zion the missionary spirit, the spirit of conquest by reason, by persuasion, by love unfeigned, by counsel and advice, and by the exercise of the spirit of love, which comes from God, over the minds and hearts of all with whom we come in contact. These are our duties, and these are the responsibilities that rest upon us as the children of God and especially as teachers in our Sunday Schools, as teachers in our wards under the direction of the bishops, and as elders in Israel, as mothers in Israel, as fathers, and as sons and daughters in Israel. It is our duty, every one of us, to see to our own welfare and salvation, and to see to it that we ourselves walk in the path that we should walk in, that we may say to our friends and associates, "Follow me as I follow Christ, and do the works that I do; and if you can do better works than I do, I will emulate your example and follow you just so far as you can exceed me in honor, in virtue, in industry, in faith, in good works before the Lord; I will follow you, it matters not who you are." Let us follow good example; and let us remember this, that there is but one given to man who is to be their infallible guide and exemplar, and that is Jesus Christ, the Son of God. It is He whom we should love; it is He whom we should follow. It is His example that we should emulate. It is His precept that we should accept, and His principles that we should espouse and absorb into our souls, making these a part of our very being, that we may become conformed to His likeness, that when we see Him, we shall see Him as He is, and shall be known, too, as we are, that the Lord may accept us as His own.

The Lord bless you, my brethren and

sisters, and all workers in every cause of Zion, is my prayer, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

*President Joseph F. Smith,  
in S. S. Conference, Oct. 6, 1907.*



#### ENLISTMENT OF THE UNENROLLED.

MY BRETHREN AND SISTERS:—I have been requested to speak to you for a short time upon the subject of the enlistment of the unenrolled in the Sunday Schools.

It is proposed by the general board that now, just as soon as it can be attended to, a census shall be taken in every ward of all those who are within Sunday School age in that ward. By Sunday School age we mean those who are from four to twenty years of age, inclusive. Of course, others attend our Sunday Schools; but between those ages, we feel that the members are strictly within Sunday School age. As soon as the census has been made, it is proposed that this shall be carefully kept and preserved for future use, and that a comparison shall be made with it and the rolls of the school, and from this comparison a list will be made of the unenrolled.

This list should then be subdivided into the various departments; and those who are in the various departments, who are unenrolled in the ward, a list of them should be given to the heads of those respective departments. The head of the department, the head teacher or those acting under his direction, should then visit all of the children who have been assigned to them, and invite them to come to Sunday School. President Smith has spoken at some length upon this subject. He has called attention to the fact that it is not necessary for the teacher himself to do all of this visiting. It is proposed to have the teacher use anyone who will have influence with the children who are desired to be enrolled, use their fellow pupils, their companions, their playmates, or use anyone who would have an influence in bringing the children into the Sunday School. Presi-

dent Smith also emphasized the fact that after they are brought into the Sunday School, those who are teachers or in charge of the school should welcome them and make their exercises of such a character as to interest them and hold them after they have been thus enrolled.

Once a week it is supposed now that throughout the Church local board meetings are held, not all at the same time, but at times that are fixed to suit the convenience of the various Sunday School workers. At these local board meetings the teachers are supposed to report to one of the assistant superintendents of the ward, to whom this duty of enlistment has been assigned; and it is under his jurisdiction that the census to which I have referred should be taken. In this way, a weekly report will be made to him, and he will have the matter in hand, and will be thoroughly posted, and can report to the superintendent and his fellow workers on the progress that is being made. Then when your union meetings are held, which generally is once a month, the stake assistant superintendent who has the matter of enlistment in charge—and one of them is supposed to have this—will meet with the assistants from the local boards, and they will make to him their reports, which will thus be once a month, and may receive from him such instructions as he has to give them on behalf of the stake board. Then after he has received his reports, he will submit them to the stake superintendent, and prepare, after consulting with the stake superintendents, a report which will be sent directly to the general board. The general board itself has assigned a standing committee to look after this work of the enlistment of the unenrolled, consisting of three members of the general board, and this committee is supposed to look after the matter and see that it is properly attended to.

Some of you may wonder why all this work is being done, and ask whether or

not it is necessary to do all this work. I will state that our general board has felt that it is necessary. We have already a large enlistment, probably the largest in the world of any religious denomination, in proportion to the total number of members of the church. The total number is 127,925, including those who were enrolled in the Parents' department. At the close of our last year, these were 2,106. In addition, we have in the various missions 14,358, making a grand total in the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints of 142,283—a most desirable showing.

But when we come to consider this, we find that between the ages of 4 and 20, inclusive, there are but 95,262 enrolled in the stakes of Zion, and that of those who are of this age in some of the stakes there are 105,200 children; consequently, it lacks just 62 of being 20,000 among the Latter-days Saints who are unenrolled. In order that you may realize the number, I will state that it means, that for every five who are now enrolled, there is one absentee. Consequently we feel that it is important that this one in five should be brought into the Sunday Schools, and be enrolled therein. Among the various departments, we find that where the greatest dropping off appears to be is in that known as the second intermediate department. There we find that the difference between the first intermediate and the second intermediate means 6,500, and we know that there is not that decrease by death among the Latter-day Saints. So here should be one of the most fruitful fields for our labor.

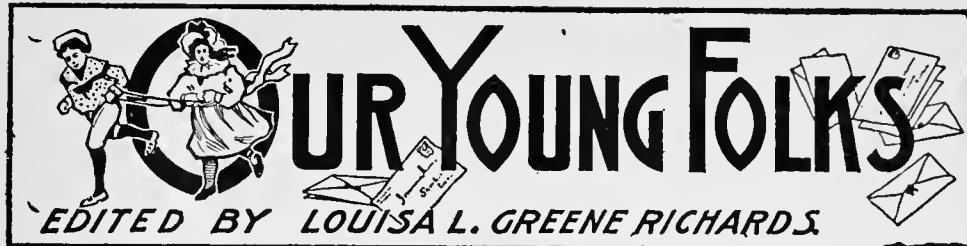
I feel, my brethren and sisters, that none of us will ever know the sorrow that is experienced for the lost, unless we are brought face to face with the fact that some whom we love have been lost; and if we learn this too late, it will afford us no satisfaction. We ought to try to get into the schools these children now, because they

may belong to our families, or the families of our friends, and we ought to see to it that they are brought into the Sunday School and are there enrolled. It does not avail to weep later, and say what we would like to do to save those who have been lost; but the time to save them is when we have a hope. A lost soul! What a most tremendous thing—what a great calamity that is to any people!

While sitting upon my seat I have been thinking tonight of those who took part in the struggle for American independence; and as I sat there I could think of but one that was really lost, and that was Benedict Arnold, because he was unfaithful and disloyal to his people. Where is he regarded? Certainly not by the British, to whom he sold himself. Certainly not by the Americans, from whom out of all the three millions who took part in that struggle, or who lived in our colonies at that time, he was the only one that deserted his cause. I do not regard those who died as lost, because death to them was sweet where they were serving their country and where their memory is commemorated with reverence and love. In the city of New York we find, in one of its most prominent squares, a monument that has been erected to Nathan Hale, and upon that monument are inscribed his last words, wherein he said, "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

We must be loyal, my brethren and sisters, to the cause in which we are engaged. We must be loyal to the cause of Zion. We must enroll all the children who are of school age in our schools, and see to it that they are taught the principles of the Gospel, and are made loyal and true to God; which I pray may be the case, in the name of Jesus. Amen.

*Elder George M. Cannon.  
In the Sunday School Conference, October 6, 1907.*



Address: Mrs. L. L. Greene Richards, 160 C Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

#### THE REAPERS' THANKSGIVING.

Say not, "Four months till harvest time;"  
Behold the fields already white.  
Go forth to reap in every clime,  
Thrust in the sickle with your might.

Fair fields of ripened, bearded grain,  
Far waving in the breezes roll,  
Nourished by Heaven's sun and rain—  
Each stock a priceless human soul—

Are waiting for the sickle's blow—  
Are list'ning for the reaper's voice:  
For one shall reap what many sow,  
And all together shall rejoice.

Thou mighty Landlord, who dost keep  
Guard of the field, the sun and shower,  
We thank Thee for the call to reap  
In this, the last, the eleventh hour.

Oh help us, Lord, with diligence  
To labor in Thy waiting field;  
With life and love as recompense,  
We'll thank Thee for the fruitful yield.

B. W.

¶

#### LUCIA'S THANKSGIVING.

GRANDPA ALLEN lived on a great big farm in Central Iowa. His dear granddaughter, Lucia, had spent three summers there and then gone back to her city home to dream for the rest of the year of trees, meadows, flowers, birds, downy chicks, kittens, luscious berries, great red apples, rich cream, and all the many nice things that children find on such a farm.

Grandpa and Lucia were the closest friends. It often seemed to Lucia that he was just her age, or must have been a little girl sometime in his life, for they loved

the same things, and he often knew just what she was thinking about.

Mr. Allen came from New England, long years ago when he was a young man. He had worked hard all his life. Now he had a beautiful farm and people called him rich. And so he was—rich in other things besides money, for he had a great, warm, tender heart, that loved all his good sons and daughters, and sweet grand children, and made him kind and gentle to all the creatures on his farm.

This year he had invited Lucia to spend Thanksgiving with them, and that was to be a new pleasure to her, for she had never been in the country so late in the fall. All the children came home then, and they had a glorious family reunion with the real, old-fashioned Thanksgiving dinner. Grandpa looked forward to this as the happiest time of the year. He seemed to grow young again in his romps with the children, and was never tired of showing them the good things of the year's harvest.

In the morning he would take Lucia by the hand and they would all wander about wherever they chose. He showed her through the great red barn, full to the roof with fragrant hay and oats—told her how sweet it tasted to the horses and cows; showed her the crib full of golden corn, and told her that it was food for so many creatures and also that a part of it was always sent to the mill to be ground into meal for grandma's pantry. He showed her the great bins of wheat; helped her to remember how wheat looked in the field before it was cut down, and then told her how it was threshed, cleaned, and then ground

into flour for bread. He told her such marvelous stories of the colts, calves, chickens ducks, and turkeys. In the cellar he pointed out the big pile of pumpkins, the round white turnips, bushels and bushels of potatoes, cabbages, beets, onions; and in the front cellar such quantities of delicious apples, each kind in its separate bin. She was quite bewildered. She did not know there were so many good things all ripe in the fall. Then he took her to grandma's fruit closet.

There were rows and rows of canned strawberries, raspberries, blackberries, cherries, currants, blueberries, peaches, plums, pears and grapes, looking so juicy and fresh that she turned to grandpa and said, "Oh, grandpa, did sunshine and rain make all these things grow out of the ground?"

And so they roamed about, seeing and talking for nearly a week. The days were warm and bright, for it was what we call Indian Summer, and Lucia began to think that Autumn was the loveliest season of the year. The leaves were so beautiful, the crickets sang such cheery songs in the evenings, the little brown cradles on the trees were so interesting (for she knew that a caterpillar was in each one curled up so snug and warm), the nuts were so abundant and rich, and the squirrels so nimble and cunning. Oh, the Autumn was beautiful!"

The night before Thanksgiving was colder than any of the season. Lucia sat looking into the great fireplace thinking of snow and Jack Frost. When grandpa was done with his evening paper she climbed into his lap, and asked what the birdies did when night grew cold. "Tell me a story about it, won't you, grandpa?" And this is what he told her.

"Out in our orchard here last spring there was a big maple tree. In that tree was a warm, round bird's nest. In that nest there were eight of the dearest little eggs that ever made a mama bird

happy. And on those eggs were—but wait. I am going too fast. The papa bird in his flying all about, saw other nests and other eggs, but always told his mate when he got home that theirs were the most perfect of all. But he was sure they would be happier still when their little ones awoke, and could eat and sing and love them. Their little ones? Yes, in those eggs the little birds were growing each day, while the mother bird lovingly took care of them.

Soon the eggs were hatched—the wee birdies could see their father bringing food to them—could open their mouths and swallow it very fast, and cry for more.

"One's own eight beautiful darlings under one's wing, all chirping and alive—oh, this is perfect happiness!" twittered the mother bird. And papa said, "Yes, our darlings are very sweet, but wait until they have more feathers, and can fly and sing, and that will be a grander thing."

And the birdies grew and had to be trained to fly, which often frightened the poor mother bird, so that she was thankful when the night came and her darlings were safely under her wings again. Then at last the nestlings could fly anywhere and sing the sweetest of songs. They were full grown birds and papa bird said they must soon go out to seek their own fortunes, choose their mates, and settle down in life. This made the mother bird sad to think of an empty nest and darlings gone, but today, Lucia, I saw them all together having a family chat. What do you think they talked about? The father bird was telling the children of the warm country where they went last winter, and told them it was time to move again. "We know where the sun streams down warmth and comfort all day, where there is plenty of food for us all. Come! let us go. The world is but a larger nest, and those that live in it, but a larger family." And they

all flew above the orchard in circles, singing songs and looking all about them, then followed the father bird to the south, to that warm country where there is no winter. I think they were giving thanks for all the food and sunshine of the summer, and will all eat Thanksgiving dinner down there tomorrow.

"Is that a truly true story, grandpa? Do all the birds fly away in the winter?"

"Yes, dear, nearly all of them do. Robins and little sparrows are not afraid of the cold, and stay about our houses and barns, but other birdies love the warm sunshine so much that they follow it south.

"Do you think we have something to be thankful for, too, Lucia? What did the sunbeam fairies do for us this summer? Who made all these things for our use and beauty? Whom should we thank? Does someone take care of us as well as of the birds?"

As Lucia thought of it she knew better than ever before what the Thanksgiving story and songs meant which she had learned in the Sunday School kindergarten. And as she nestled there in those loving arms, she felt that dear sweet grandpa was one thing she was thankful for, and she fell asleep that night thinking to herself:

"This is such a beautiful world! What must heaven be?"

*Adapted.*

\*

#### A CHILDREN'S LETTER.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—On the 23rd of July I left La Park for Path Valley, in company with my only sister, who for many years has labored with me at the desk in catering to the wants of the hundreds of thousands of friends who belong to our big floral family. "Path Valley!" I hear you exclaim. "What a queer name!" "Where is it?" "What is it?"

"Why did you go?" Well it is a queer name, and originated, I am told, from the fact that the Indians in pioneer days, had a path or trail up through it, which was well beaten, because of their frequent travels. The soil being rich, the forests were dense with great oak, chestnut and hickory trees, and many of the big trees which lined the banks of the Conococheague Creek were festooned by huge, hanging vines, giving the whole a luxuriant appearance. The valley is about twenty miles long and is wedge-shaped, being two miles wide at one end, and tapering to a narrow ravine at the other—just wide enough to let out the Indian stream. It is in the north-western part of Franklin County, in southern Pennsylvania, and bounded by high, rugged, tree-clad mountains on either side, these mountains being a part of the Blue Ridge range, and locally known as the Tuscarorra Mountains. The creek abounds with a variety of fish, and the mountains with beautiful flowers, as well as berries, nuts, grapes and game.

"Why did I go there?" Well, to me it holds many sacred memories. A beloved brother still occupies the old homestead in the heart of the valley, where I first saw the light of day, where my boyhood and early manhood were spent, and where in later years my business was largely developed. Yes, along that stream I enjoyed many a happy hour fishing and nutting, and on the old mountains I roamed at every season of the year among the flowers and fruits, and the birds and animals that had their homes there. Every hill and meadow and ravine near the old farm was a familiar spot. Every tree and shrub and native perennial flowerclump was annually looked for as an old friend. I knew the haunts of the whippoorwill, the indigo bird and the cat bird, and their songs daily pleased and cheered me at my valley home. Do you wonder, then, that I love to visit the scenes and objects that were so

happily associated with the joys and experiences of my early life?

And now let me tell you! In a room in that old stone mansion forty years ago, while a mere youth, I began life-work as a seedsman, florist and publisher. In one of the gardens I raised my seeds and bulbs, and in the room I prepared them for market, did my own type setting and printing, mailing, etc. From my home-made desk in the corner I sent out my advertisements and did my business correspondence. Later I was aided by the beloved sister who has been with me practically ever since, and has taken a heart-interest in the success and progress of the work, and who has for some years past been floral editor of the *New York Designer*, in connection with her office work with me.

We reached "Libonia" by stage from the station after dark. The moon was full, and as the smiling face peeped up over the rugged old mountain, I called the attention of a dear little boy in the front seat, to the "Man in the Moon," and he was much interested. "Why does he smile?" he asked. I replied, "Oh, he likes good little boys. They always see him smiling when they are good and happy; but if they are bad and ugly in disposition he will appear to them as if sour and displeased. They would think his mouth turned down at the corners, frowns would be on his brow, and he would seem altogether different."

"I will always be good," said he. "But that is not all," said I. "See the little starling near him, now looking down at you. You can imagine it as one of his children that he wants to see you. And do you see the numerous sparkles (fireflies) among the trees? Those are little faces that open their eyes to see good little boys. And if they stay good, you can fancy, as they close their eyes later, that the moon is so pleased that he has gathered them all up and placed them far up in the

sky to look pleased till the morning dawn." The little boy watched the moon and the solitary star beside it, and the sparkle of the fireflies, until sleep overtook him, and encircled by loving arms he fell into Dreamland.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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#### THE LETTER-BOX.

**Letter, Answer and Charade.**

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

My brothers and I have so much enjoyed finding the answers to the charade given by George H. Llynngard in the September first JUVENILE, that I want to send them in to be printed. The words to be arranged so that their first and final letters will spell the name of the "Bible plant" and its "quick destroyer," are, Joppa, Owl, Naomi, Ararat, Hart, Saul, Galilee, Overflow, Undo, Remember, Dream. I am nearly fourteen, and I have always liked the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I will send a charade that George or somebody else may guess. It is not all from the Bible, but I think it might be called historical.

#### CHARADE.

My *first* was a priest in the olden time.  
 My *second's* one-half a buffoon so gay.  
 My *third* is two-thirds of a place of prayer.  
 My *fourth's* half an altar for Druids, they say.  
 My *fifth* is not sick; indeed, 'tis quit well.  
 My *whole* is a woman of whom I would tell.  
 Died sixteen seventy-two, on the eighth of October,  
 She grew to a woman quite prudent and sober.  
 Of household affairs she was still the directress,  
 E'en though she ranked high, as the Lady Protectress.

I hope many of the children who are studying history will enjoy guessing this charade. And that every body will have a delightful time on Thanksgiving-day, and good and happy times on Christmas and New Year's days. JESSIE GRIFFITH.

★

**Three Letters from Old Mexico.**

**PACHECO, OLD MEXICO.**

I like to read the little letters in the JUVENILE. I am eight years old, and live with my aunt Mary. My mama died a year ago the fifth of May. She left eight girls and two boys, here on earth, and four are with her in Heaven, two boys and two girls. She died while the celebration of our National day was going on. The fifth of May is a national day in Old Mexico. I was baptized on my birthday, which was the 26th of July. I go to school. We have a nice teacher, her name is Mary Mortenson. My papa and brothers run a saw-mill. We live out of town. It is very pretty where we live among the tall pines of the Sierra Madre Mountains.

RACHEL MALETA PORTER.

**Letter and Answer.**

**COLONIA DUBLAN, OLD MEXICO.**

I thought I would write to the Letter-Box. This is the first time I have ever written to it. I like very much to read the pieces in the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR. I like to work the charads. I have guessed Mildred Park's charade in the September 15th number I think it is Alfred Tennyson.

JONES HURST.

**Prayer Answered.**

**PACHECA, OLD MEXICO.**

We take the JUVENILE. Mama reads the little letters to me, and I love to hear them. I am seven years old. My mama and I live with grandpa and grandma, one mile from town. I go to Sunday School and Primary when I can. Mama has been very sick; I prayed for the Lord to heal

her, and now she is almost well again. I am my mama's only child. She said that she was glad I was a big, healthy boy, so I could help her and grandma. I pack wood and water and when I am a little older I can earn money for mama, as I am the only one she has.

LEROY ROMLEY.

**A New Meetinghouse.**

**MIDWAY, WASATCH Co., UTAH.**

We have never seen a letter from our town, so we will write.

Our papa is bishop of our ward, and mama is president of our Primary. We are having a new meetinghouse built and it will soon be completed. We have a little baby sister, her name is Rhea. Mama's Grandpa and Grandma Robey knew the Prophet Joseph. Grandpa Robey worked on the Nauvoo Temple.

LETHE COLEMAN, age 13.

MERLE COLEMAN, age 12.

**Letter and Charade.**

**ESCALANTE, UTAH.**

I never have written to you before, but I like to hear from all my little friends through the JUVENILE. My mama has JUVENILES that her mama took when she was a babe and older, she is now 31 years old. My grandma died in Oregon last summer. She was such a dear, grandma, she was so good to me. Grandpa is so lonely without her. Her name is Kate Denel.

**CHARADE.**

1, 2, 3, 13, 16, 15, is what we all should be in all our dealings.

4, 14, 13, is a number.

10, 12, 11, 6, is a duty and commandment we should all attend to at least three times a day.

7, 8, 9, belongs to us.

My whole, composed of 16 letters, is a part of the Ten Commandments.

AVERY VEOTTA CAMPBELL.

## LAUGH, AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU.



**Stupidity Rebuked.**

THOMAS—"They don't 'ave rain in 'eaven, does they?"

THOMASINA—"Course they does, silly! That's where it's accomin' from, ain't it?"—*The Sketch.*

### R. S. V. P.

Although Johnnie's and Willie's mothers are warm friends, those boys are always fighting each other.

After a recent battle the victorious Johnnie was urged by his mother to go and make friends with his fallen foe. She even offered to give him a party if he would go over and invite Willie to come to that festivity.

After much urging, Johnnie promised to do as his mother wished. So the party came off at the appointed time and was violently enjoyed by all present. But Willie did not come.

"Now Johnnie, you *did* invite him?" asked Johnnie's mother.

"Yes, I did. Yes, ma'am, I invited him!" answered Johnnie. "I *invited* him," he added reflectively, "and I *dared* him to come."—*Harper's Weekly.*

### A Quarrelsome Family.

MRS. EGERTON BLUNT.—"But why did you leave your last place?"

APPLICANT.—"I couldn't stand the way the mistress and master used to quarrel, mum."

MRS. E. B., shocked.—"Dear me! Did they quarrel very much, then?"

APPLICANT.—"Yes, mum; when it wasn't me an' 'im it was me an' 'er."—*Answers.*

### A Neat Rebuke.

"The late Julia Magruder, as her brilliant books show, detested the married flirt," said a Washington woman. "I once heard her, at the seashore, rebuke a married flirt rather neatly.

The woman, young and pretty, was always surrounded by a throng of adorers—football and golf and tennis champions from the leading colleges—very young, but very handsome, very charming lads.

Late one night, on Miss Magruder's return from a dinner, she found the young woman and a young man seated in the hall of the hotel alone.

It was very late. Every one else had gone to bed. The young woman was embarrassed. But she looked up and laughed nervously, and then, for something to say, she extended her handkerchief and murmured:

"See, I have a knot in my handkerchief, and I can't remember what it was put there for."

"Perhaps," said Miss Magruder, smiling gravely, "perhaps it was put there to remind you that you are married."—*Washington Post.*



**The Extreme Penalty.**

SHE: "What do you think of his execution?"  
HE: "I am in favor of it."—*Punch.*



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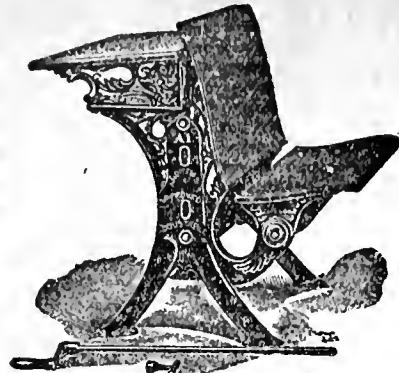
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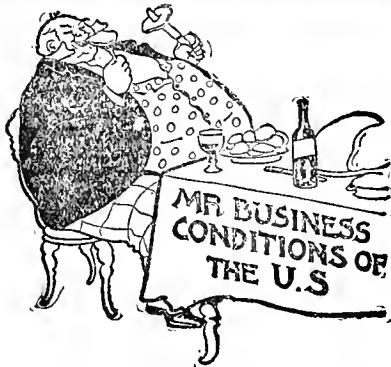


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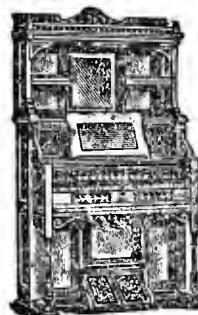
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